

The Evening World

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RENT AND TRANSPORTATION.

What the tenant pays the landlord for the use of the landlord's property is popularly called "rent." In reality, rent includes also the cost of daily transportation. The dollars the people of New York City pay annually for shelter are almost fabulous in amount. The total is \$560,000,000, or \$140 for every man, woman and child.

This is an enormous sum, and the way to reduce its amount is a pressing problem. High rent means crowded tenement-houses, and reduced expenditure for food, clothing and recreation. It means longer hours of toil, fewer comforts and luxuries, less sanitation, worse health and a higher death rate. Its evils are not inevitable. They cannot be wholly prevented, but they can be mitigated.



The rent which the tenant pays for shelter has two elements, payment for the use of the land and payment for the use of the building. The land was placed where it is by thousands of years of geological processes. The building was either put there by the landlord or built by some one else whom the present landlord paid. The value of the building is fixed by the cost of replacing it. The value of the land is determined by the quantity of it accessible and the number of people who desire to use it. A tax on buildings increases the rent, while a tax on land does not affect the tenant's rental payments.

The number of buildings is limited only by the cost of their construction. The amount of land cannot be changed. But the area of its accessibility can be enlarged. This situation makes the transportation problem inseparable from the rent problem. If all means of daily passenger transportation were abolished everybody who worked on Manhattan Island would have to eat and sleep within walking distance, and the value of that land area would be still further increased. If passenger transportation were costless and instantaneous a man could live in the Catskills or the Adirondacks and work in New York. The value of the land on Manhattan Island used for residential purposes would be greatly lessened, and the rent problem would be solved.

Rent can never be made lower than the interest on the cost of building a house and the taxes and repairs. And any scheme which promises free rent is impossible of execution.

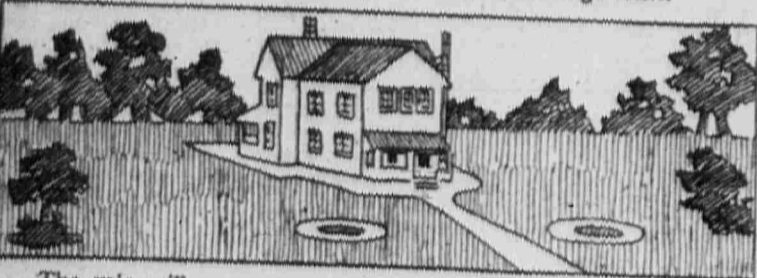


The land and buildings of New York City are assessed at five and a half billion dollars. Their market value is \$8,000,000,000, one-twelfth of the total wealth of the United States. The taxes annually collected from this source are \$80,000,000. The annual cost of passenger transportation, including all the surface and elevated roads, the subway and the daily commuters, is \$80,000,000. The average net rental is about five per cent., or \$400,000,000. Adding to this the taxes, repairs and transportation, the total fully equals \$560,000,000.

Of these real estate values half represent the value of the land and half the buildings. Below Canal street on Manhattan Island the land is worth more than the buildings. Even in the suburbs the value of the unimproved land makes up the excess value of the building where the lot is improved. The only way to lower the rentals on this land value is either to diminish the population of New York or to make more land available. The latter alternative is entirely feasible.

Within thirty miles of the City Hall there is enough land to give every family in New York City a lot fifty feet by one hundred. Within fifty miles there is enough land to give every family an acre plot.

When the tunnels under the Hudson and the East River are completed and when electric traction is applied to all the suburban roads, Putnam, Orange, Suffolk and Passaic counties will be as accessible from downtown New York as were Washington Heights before the subway was built. Not everybody will want to go to the country. Many people will prefer to live in a crowd. But the accessibility of 2,000 square miles of additional land will enable any one to escape from high rents.



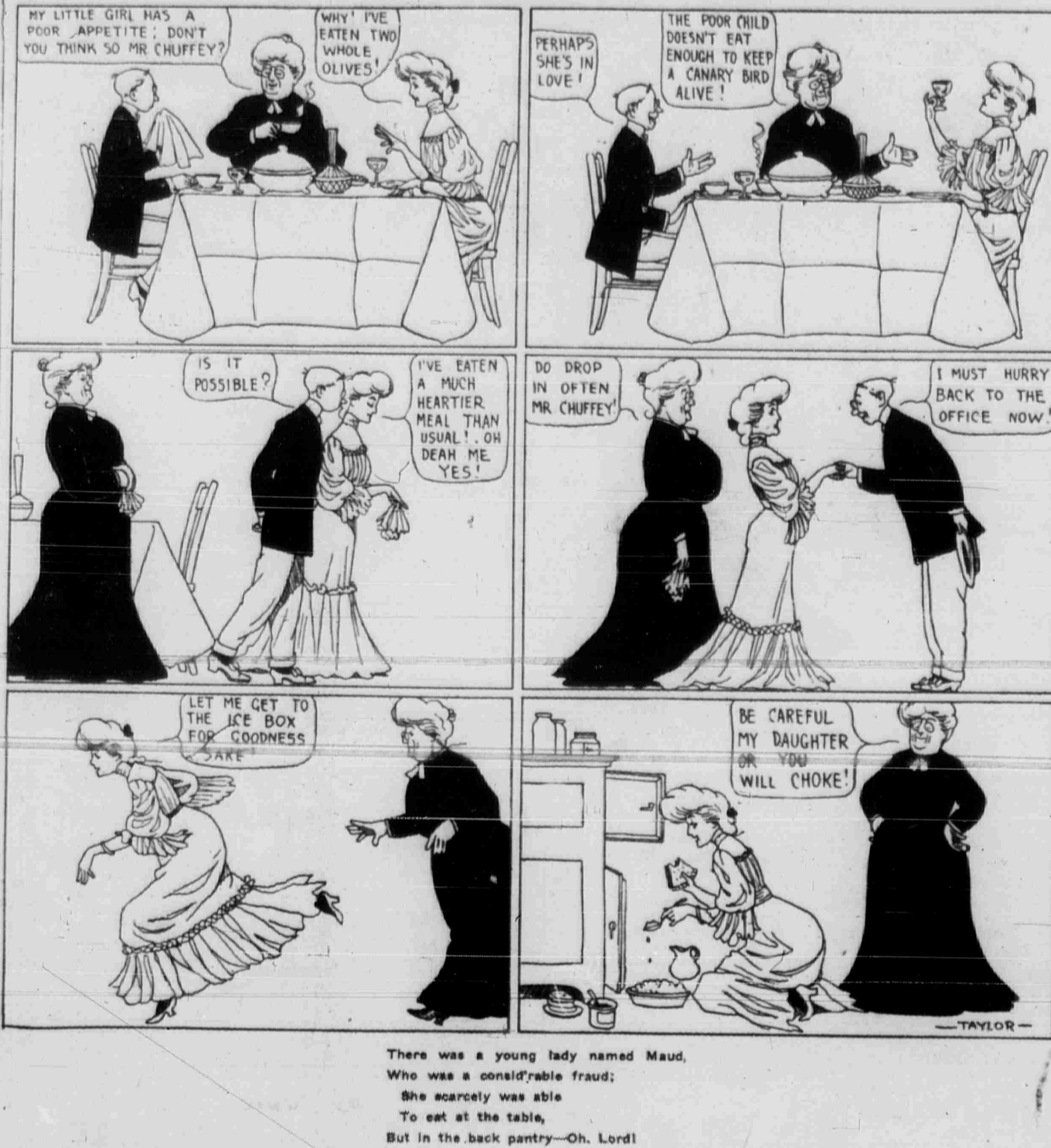
The gain will mean more than a lowering of rents. The general cost of living can be reduced. A fifty foot lot will raise enough vegetables to supply any family from spring to winter. A corner of the lot gives room for enough chickens to furnish the household eggs. The cost of food can be decreased a third. Old clothes can be worn out in the country. The children will be healthier, happier and sturdier.

The mistake many people going to the country make is in trying to do too much. They buy more land and build too big houses, which are expensive to heat and care for. They feel that they have to have horses or automobiles. They are not satisfied to do without many things which they would never think of having did they live in an apartment or a flat. Such expensive efforts make country life a bugaboo.

The new system of concrete building is most adaptable to dwellings and will help solve the problem of country living. It requires simple construction without gewgaws and fancy scroll work, which make enlarged bird-cage houses hideous in appearance and expensive for repainting and repairs. The old Dutch farmhouse construction carried out in modern concrete is cheap to build, cheap to heat, easy to keep in order and simple to live in.

The great railroad systems which dominate New York's suburban life have too long put their limited expresses and their through passenger service first, and neglected the greater profits from increasing the number of commuters and running the commutation trains like a good service. Should they make the best of their opportunities they are to dispose of the tenement problem than all the denunciation laws and all the tenement inspection and new building laws can

The Girl with the Canary Bird Appetite.



NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES
By Irvin S. Cobb

Speaking of the Fall Fashions.

At the outset it is conceded that in every town on the broad map of this fair land of ours is a dressmaker who passes out the latest imported modes. There is sure to be at least one, even in the town that is too small to have a Carnegie Library and just large enough to have a set of thrilling postal cards showing views of the Public Square, the Congregationalist Church and the Iron Bridge over Mink Creek. That's going some, for it's a mighty low-spirited, indifferent crossroads, these days, that can't come up with a few highly exciting souvenir postal cards.

The official dressmaker of one of these old-lamp metropolises generally has a figure like the upper-half of a dollar mark and she talks out of the side of her mouth because the front of it is full of pins. She has an establishment with a bay window abutting on Main street, between the Racket Store and the Sheriff's office; and she uses only the very newest and truest Parisian designs such as are thought up by a maiden lady invalid of Dorchester, Mass., and brought out every month in a French fashion paper published at Boston.

About once in so long a prominent citizen in the future city by the Iron Bridge gets a bug in his pecan to the effect that he is destined to come to New York and revolutionize business methods. Sometimes he's right at that. In this town a man is liable to be buying gold bricks or metallic lemons one day and selling 'em the next.

But ere yet the revolutionist has started his conquering tour Eastward he instructs the prominent citizeness to connect up with a real sassy wardrobe so as to give the Manhattan villagers a treat right from the jump. The dressmaker with the Ingrown shoulders is instructed to cut loose regardless of expense and do her best if it costs \$30.

The proud husband has a mental photograph of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt smiling his wife in an effort to copy her style. But by the time the couple have been in New York about two weeks hubby is pained to learn that the members of the Vanderbilt families have not been on the job at all. About the only persons engaged in trailing are the illustrators for the comic weeklies.

He is likewise grieved to note that his lady's clothes do not show up so well on asphalt as they did on the plank walk. Her tasty coat suit with the Russian blouse effect now looks as if it had been cut with a knife and fork, while the novelty Gibson shirt waist that threw all the leaders of the church society into a warm perspiration of envy and admiration falls somehow to dangle as was its accustomed wont back home. In the company of a classy bunch of the female inhabitants of this island Mrs. Mink Creek begins to look, to his discriminating eye, like a dominicker hen in a parrot cage.

He discovers that there is something at once tasteful and timely in the princess' brand of peach in the tight-fitting peeling. The visual delights of a fly-net peekaboo on a large ripe blonde make him as google-eyed as a sun-perch.

He draws his balance out of the bank and tells his wife to make good as regards the raiment proposition without further loss of time.

THE FUNNY PART:
Which doubtless accounts for the presence in our midst of so many women with Mink Creek forms and Fifth Avenue frocks.

The "Daily Fudge" As "Mr. Dooley" Sees It.

Republished from "Mr. Dooley on Inviolability in the grocery store to commit murder at night. As the third approach of citizens were discovered their to bring the coast clerk to put them on the jury. The journal in the ram's takes a poplar vote, some bleat who are not on the jury list. An ye've voted guilty be a majority of two hundred an' eight thousand to wan. The onerous minority has to leave town on the midnight train. While ye're taken over to the court th' judge has to draw guns to keep ye from being torn to pieces be th' mob. The peasant waiter to be called to well an' charged thry ye, hisses an' ye pass an' a lady stows ye with a bat pin. Biv'ral jumpin' refuse to serve because they have conscientious scruples against hangin' ye. Ye thry to hide yer head behind a post, but th' judge, who comes up fr' re-election in th' spring, sternly calls on ye to stand up while th' flash-light pitcher is belin' took. Two or three iv th' jury men are only restrained be force fr'm attackin' ye when th' judge's order is read an' in about two minits ye're joggin' over to th' train fr' Joliet an' yer friends read in th' paper:

"THE NOTORIOUS MISCREANT HINNISBY HAS GOT HIS JUST DUES THANKS TO AN INCORRUPTIBLE JURY IV CONSTANT READERS IV THIS GUARDEEN IV POPULAR RIGHTS. THERE WILL BE A DISTRIBUTION IV TH' PRIZES TO TH' JURY OFFERED BE US AT FINUCANE'S HALL NEXT SUNDAY, WHEN TH' LARNED JUDGE DOUGHBODY WILL MAKE TH' PRESENTATION SPEECH."

"Want in a while a mistake is made. Maybe ye ain't guilty at all. Maybe ye found an th' thrice that ye were in Washington th' day th' crime was discovered an' it was another man iv th' same name that convicted th' ham. Th' Palaejsem iv our Liberties does th' right thing be ye. Th' case demands a full, free, frank an' manly apology an' ye got it:

"We stated yesterday that was Hinnisby was convicted by a jury's leap. We regret to say that this was not so. Ad."

TH' thrille is set fr' November, but ye're thrilled, convicted an' doin' th' look step last August if ye on'y knew it. Very night with father comes home from his wurruk he brings a copy iv th' "Karoo" an' reads about this fied in human form divine, which means you, Hinnisby. Ye'er horrid past leaps out in ivry saloon. People that never heard iv ye saymber an' tell how ye robbed th' poor box, bate down a child with his disease, starved yer family an' eloped with th' hired girl. Th' children huddle together tremblin' at th' story iv yer life an' th' good woman sends up a prayer that her boys may be saved fr'm temptation.

Th' paper fr' th' home insists that larceny ought to be made a capital crime fr' yer knifin' an' bee what's called a "sinpoyan iv Christy" min-laters at thirty dollars a sin demandin' th' enforcement iv th' unwritten law that allows anny man who rapsyol' th' "THE NOTORIOUS MISCREANT HINNISBY HAS GOT HIS JUST DUES THANKS TO AN INCORRUPTIBLE JURY IV CONSTANT READERS IV THIS GUARDEEN IV POPULAR RIGHTS. THERE WILL BE A DISTRIBUTION IV TH' PRIZES TO TH' JURY OFFERED BE US AT FINUCANE'S HALL NEXT SUNDAY, WHEN TH' LARNED JUDGE DOUGHBODY WILL MAKE TH' PRESENTATION SPEECH."

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.

ONE song hit out of a thousand in a year seems a small percentage, but it is true that very few of all the songs written are out-and-out hits," said Charles A. Bird yesterday. Bird is the man who seldom sees who hires six or seven hundred people a year for the theatrical firms. "What particular song makes you speak thusly?" we asked. "I'm thinking of 'Bill Simmons,' which I see one of your clever comic artists on The Evening World has developed into a funny series. 'Bill Simmons' has just begun to move forward into the backwoods, where a New York hit don't reach in all its volume for about six months after it has begun to be whistled in the metropolises. 'Bill Simmons' has attracted the attention of everybody. A man who has just come back from Alberta, B. C., says he was gliding down the waters of what seemed to him to be undiscovered streams after trout, and he had reached a part of the wilderness where it seemed no man could ever have been, and out of the deep shadows of the forest he heard the tinkling sound of 'I've Got to Keep a Dancin'." And he sat up and pinched himself. "He felt sure the cause turned a bend in the stream and he came full in view of a camp where a party who were bounding around a camp-fire were listening to a photograph that was singing out loud and free to the echoes of that wilderness. The trouble of 'Bill.' The party had come up stream from Fort Ross and they had secured the 'Bill Simmons' record from a peck peddler who makes the trading post twice a year."

THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To the Babbling Husband Who in His Troubles Has Forgotten the First Law of Chivalry—Silence.

MY Dear MR. FRANCIS J. CARMODY—It is by a distinct effort that I address you so formally. Your mother-in-law, Mrs. Thomas C. Platt, whom you blame for your matrimonial troubles, invented such a beautiful name for you and all wearers of militia uniforms that I also am tempted to call you "my dear Christmas Tree."

I don't care what the merits of your original matrimonial wrangle may have been. I simply want to point out to you that by giving your wife's love letters to the newspapers you have more than justified any attitude she has assumed or may in future assume toward you. Making allowance for all possibilities of misquotation in your discussion of your mother-in-law's social career in Washington prior to her marriage, we are still confronted by the published letter from Mrs. Carmody beginning, "My Dearest One; I have been dreaming about you a lot down here."

Surely, in all her dreams, which she confesses were "not always nice dreams," there was no nightmare equal to the subsequent reality of seeing that secret outpouring of her soul in print.

You may have been badly treated, but you have made it almost impossible for any one but yourself to think so.

Silence is the first law of chivalry. You have broken it. And not all the arguments in the world will palliate your conduct in the minds of right thinking men and women.

You must know it is the wife's prerogative in family rows to do the talking, whether for publication by the sewing circle or by the press. Your wife, since the announcement of your differences, has not said a word in her own defense, though for two days you have filled columns in the New York papers with accounts of your courtship, your honeymoon and your present quarrel.

Quit talking, Mr. Carmody.

You can't undo the harm you have done your cause by your recent rush of energy to the tongue. But possibly you can refrain from talking any more.

You haven't told us all your wife's pet names for you yet, and you may possess more impassioned letters than the one which found its way into print. We don't know how tall she is without French heels, nor whether or not all her hair is real, nor what kind of tooth powder she uses. And we admit that you could probably enlighten us on all these points. But we hope you won't.

It may be a novelty to have a man discuss his most intimate family affairs in print. But we don't like it.

And take my word for it, it isn't doing you any good.

THE DIARY OF A BAD BOY. By "Pop."

